By the Way of the Valley.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL, AUTHOR OF "FOR HONOUR'S SAKE," "WILD BRYONIE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

JASMINE'S DECISION.

JASMINE was sitting by the fire, rocking and reading, her golden head, perfect in contour, with the lovely curve of her cheek and her wax-like ear, beautifully backgrounded by the dark velvet cushion on which it rested, while, revealed by her turned-back gown, were her two pretty feet on the fender, in their buckled and rosetted shoes.

She looked up when her husband entered, her whole face softly irradiated with the light of the poem she had been absorbing. "How lovely she is!" thought John, with a pang at his heart. "How can I let her choose?"

"Are you very tired, John?" she asked, with unusual solicitude. "Isn't it dreadfully cold out-of-doors? You look almost perished."

And—a thing she had never done before!—she began to rub his chilled fingers in her own warm satin palms.

Then she rang for his tea to be brought, but he could neither eat nor drink.

"Aren't you well, John?" Jasmine asked. "Or would you like something else better? There is cold meat downstairs, and eggs."

"I am quite well, dearest," he answered, quietly. "But my mind is too much excited for me to want any food just now. I've had an interview with Mr. Brightmore."

"What about?"

"Come and sit on my knee, Jasmine, and I will tell you. I can tell you better so," said John.

And he pressed his wife closely in his arms, gazing into her face with a yearning, hungering look that almost frightened her.

"Brightmore has made a proposal to me, Jasmine. It is for my benefit, of course; but it would involve going abroad, to South America, for two or three years. And I should not be able to take you with me."

His pulses seemed to stand still, listening for her reply, while his eager eyes searched hers for some sign of pain or dread.

But the large, violet orbs were only gazing back at him in thoughtful wonderment.

"Can you do as you please about it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, my going is quite optional. But Brightmore gave me the first chance. I told him it would all depend on what my wife said."

"I suppose it would be greatly to your—to our advantage?" queried Jasmine, who could not have failed to learn something about money and business ways during the past ten months.

"Yes. My salary would almost be doubled, to begin with. It might be trebled before I leave."

"Of course, that is a consideration," said the young wife, reflectively.

"I suppose so!" rejoined John, not without a touch of bitterness.

"We have been so wretchedly poor!" resumed Jasmine. "And I am so tired of it."

She did not notice that her husband's arms had dropped from encircling her, and that one hand now shaded his averted face.

"Why couldn't you take me with you?" she asked, after a pause.

"For many reasons. The unhealthiness of the climate is perhaps the chief."

"Well, it would be nicer if I could go too," said Jasmine, lukewarmly; adding, with a judicial calmness that went through her husband's heart like a sword, "But it is certainly an opportunity that we ought not to let slip—don't you think so?—and two years, after all, is not so very long; they will soon pass away."

In Willowbrook Châlet, when John Chesney's decision came to be known, there was weeping and wailing enough, one might think, to make amends, could such ever be, for the unnatural calmness that reigned at 15, Stanley Square.

"I'm sorry, for my own sake, that this opening should

"Poor dear! fallen over in a dead faint." p. 35.

have been offered just now,' said Mrs. Chesney. "One must not be selfish, but in a few years' time—I'm past my three-score years and ten!—and I did hope to have had my boy with me at the last. South America seems so far away!" And then Nellie heard her murmuring a verse from one of her favourite hymns—

"I may not try
To keep the hot tears back—but hush that sigh,
It might have been;
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond, 'Amen.'"

"I wish it wasn't such a horrid, swampy, malarial, yellow-feverish sort of place he was going to," said Nellie. "I don't know how his wife can let him go. I'm sure I'd live on bread-and-cheese rather than part from anyone I loved! But she doesn't love him—she can't, or she never would."

"Oh, we can't say that. She must love him!" returned the old lady, who could not believe in anybody not loving her John. "I daresay she thinks it will be to his own best interests to go. Poor little thing! We must have her here, Nellie, when he is gone, and try to find out that side of her which won John. Perhaps this is the way God has planned for us to get to know each other; I'm sure I prayed to Him to make us one united, loving family. I can't bear anything like division between us, and this may be His way—who knows?—for bringing the harmony about."

And so the preparations and the partings were got through. John went home, without his wife, to Hardwareham, to wish his relatives and friends good-bye. The parting between the widowed mother and her only son was very sad, for although the old lady kept up bravely, she could not divest herself of the presentiment that it was, for this world, a last farewell. And of this Nellie was aware.

They also divined that it was at Jasmine's behest, or at least with her advice and full consent, that John was thus tearing himself from his native land. And when Mrs. Chesney said, "Tell her we shall want her to come down and see us. She will be sorely lonesome while you are away," Nellie turned her head aside, and said nothing.

John promised to convey this message to his wife, "With mother's love," but in pardonable unfaithfulness he omitted to mention a word of it. He shrank so sensitively, as much because he loved her as on account of his tenderness for them, from seeing the curl of her pink lip and disdainful lowering of the eyelids which he knew it would call forth.

So Jasmine was left in the care of kindly Mrs. Wright, and about a week before Christmas the vessel with John on board weighed anchor in the Mersey, and the young wife was alone.

At first she did not miss him very much. A handsome remittance came to hand every month, with frequent loving letters in between. Jasmine amused herself by adding a great many articles of ornament and luxury to the furnishing of their rooms, thinking, "When John comes back he will see the difference. He will own that I at least have good taste." And she read a great deal, chiefly poetry, and set about reviving her one really feminine accomplishment, that of embroidery, by the execution in coloured silks of a group of jonquils on a green plush table-cover.

But as the weeks wore on, and the stirrings of springtime awoke in the softened air, and the sparrows began to build in the budding plane-trees in the square, strange waves of yearning would rush over Jasmine's spirit, she knew not whence, and she scarcely knew for whom. Sometimes it seemed a wild longing for her father—

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that was still."

Then again she would find herself murmuring, "Oh, John, John! I wish you had not gone away!" And she would remember his patience and tenderness, his constant solicitude, the love that spoke in every word and look, his many acts of thoughtful kindness, especially if she seemed low-spirited or unwell, until the aching of her heart was almost more than she could bear. And at yet another time the thought of the mother of whom she had no memory, would fill her eyes with mist.

She confessed this strange feeling to no one, but Mrs. Wright, who was very kind, surprising the young wife once or twice in tears, told her to cheer up, as it was all on account of her health, and begged her to get out of doors oftener, and not to give way to low spirits any more than she could possibly help.

"Think of all the beautiful things you can, ma'am," was her advice, "and everything that's likely to make you feel cheerful and happy. If you'll allow me to say so, my dear, I think it's your duty, for your own sake and others' too;" adding—for notwithstanding her inconsistent superstition about the black wedding gown, she was a good Christian woman—"As the apostle says, 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things.' It will be the better for you both now and afterwards."

So Jasmine got into the way of going into the park, which was not far off, nearly every day. She was interested in children, though she knew little about them, and she liked to watch their play and their ways.

One soft spring evening, as she sat thus near a small lake, dreamily gazing at the lovely mother-of-pearl tints which the still water reflected from the sunset sky, and drinking in the spicy fragrance of a thousand bursting buds, two ladies—mother and daughter, apparently—took possession of the other end of the seat on which she was resting.

They had brought an evening paper with them, and the younger lady soon began to read from it, in a clear but monotonous voice, several items of current news.

Insensibly Jasmine found herself listening, chiefly because she could not help it, for neither the insurrection in Chili, nor the difficulties at the Cape, had any particular interest for her; even the death of a millionaire, or the marriage of a grand duchess, possessed little attraction.

Presently, however, turning the crackling sheet about, the young lady exclaimed—

"Dear, dear! Another railway disaster in America! It is South America this time, near Santa Julia. Over fifty persons killed or injured."

Santa Julia! Jasmine's heart had given a sudden throb at the word, for that was where John was living. She turned her head instinctively towards the reader. But the young wife was not yet alarmed.

"Dear, dear! Poor things! How shocking!" murmured the elder lady, with that mild, unemotional sort of pity which we generally bestow on sufferers so far away. But the other was continuing, as she scanned the account—

"Only one Englishman among them, it seems—a Mr. J. Chesney, of London."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL WIDOW.

A CAB drove up to 15, Stanley Square in the midst of a driving June hailstorm, and a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, alighted. Then her portmanteau was handed down, and both were admitted to the house by Mrs. Wright, whose amiable face was even more deeply lined than usual with anxiety.

"How does she seem?" was Miss Chesney's first inquiry. Strange echo of a similar question put to Mrs. Wright so many months ago, by lips the counterpart in quiet strength and sweetness of those which now were speaking.

And almost in the same words as then the good woman made answer, "About as well as one can expect; but she's still very weak, poor dear!"

"And the dear baby? Do you think it will live?"

"Yes, miss, I do," returned Mrs. Wright, more cheerfully. "It's very small—la! it *is* a mite—like a dollie, and as pretty. But it's over three weeks old now, and I'm sure it grows. It's the image of *him*, miss!"

Nellie turned away to the window, but could not speak.

"And how's your poor ma, miss?" resumed Mrs. Wright. "Though strangers, as one may say, to me, I have thought about you so much. It was the saddest thing I ever heard of," she continued, to give the poor girl time to master her emotion. "Mrs. Chesney got to know of it first by accident, in the Park, and she went off at once and got a paper for herself; and she brings it in, and goes straight up to her room without saying a word to me, and there was I, listening for her to ring for her supper, but didn't like to intrude. And when at last I did go up, feeling it to be my downright duty, there she was, poor dear, fallen forward over that paper in a dead faint! I tried not to let her believe it true, at first, knowing what mistakes do get into the paper; but when the telegram came confirming it, and saying he was recognised by papers he had in his pocket at the time, there was no more blinding one's eyes. Ah, me! But it's been a sorrowful time for us all."

"Indeed it has," said Nellie, quietly wiping her eyes. "It is hard in such trouble to believe that God is still living and still loving. If it had not been for the beautiful faith of my precious mother, I fear mine would have utterly broken down. It is just such trials as these that prove whether one has any real faith or not. Such a son he was—such a brother! But I dare not think of him now! I will go up and see my sister at once, Mrs. Wright, if I may."

Very young and frail and flower-like Jasmine looked, in her pale-blue dressing-gown; very large and deep were her violet-grey eyes, and the faint smile with which she greeted Nellie melted in a mist of tears.

All Miss Chesney's aversion to her brother's wife, all the resentment that Jasmine's haughty behaviour at the Châlet had aroused, were instantly blotted out. In the tenderness of womanly sympathy and the kinship of a common loss, she took the little figure in a close embrace, and they cried together.

"It is very kind of you to come," said Jasmine, rather compunctiously; for although far, at present, from seeing her former conduct in a true light, she felt distinctly uncomfortable at the recollection of it.

"I should have been here long ago, but my mother has been so ill," answered Nellie. "I feared for some days that she would never get over it. But she is better now. She wanted me to leave her and come straight away to you, knowing you had no relatives near, but I could not do that, though I would gladly have been with both if I could. And this is the baby!"

Nellie had gone over to the cot, and was gently turning back the embroidered flannel that shaded the tiny, tiny face within. She stood silent for several minutes. Jasmine wondered what she was thinking. Then pressing one long, soft kiss on the infant's rose-leaf cheek, she came away.

"Have you thought yet what you shall call her?" she asked, sitting down by the fire.

"No," answered Jasmine, slowly. In the weeks long ago—oh, *how* long ago they seemed!—all kinds of fanciful, poetic names had flitted through her mind—Myrtle, Rosalys, or Eleänore, something quite out of the common, whatever it might be. But latterly her brain had been too benumbed to think of anything. A moving of some sort, she scarcely knew what, within her heart, impelled her to ask, "What is your mother's name?"

"Martha," Nellie replied, with a quick, eager glance.

Jasmine almost shuddered. That was what she would have called, in the old days, an "awful" name. Yet——

"Would *he* have liked that, do you think?" she murmured, under her breath.

"Yes, beyond everything!"

"Then I will call her that," said Jasmine, after a pause. Then, suddenly burying her face in her transparent hands, she moaned, "And I—*I* sent him to his death!"

"Hush, hush, dear!" soothed Nellie, herself almost choked with uprising sobs. "God allowed it, or it could not have been. We will call her Martha, dear—that would have pleased him."

And so it was; but with a strange revival, almost at the last moment, of the ruling *penchant*, it was as *Martha Dolores* that the tiny one was named.

"You will come back home with me, won't you, when I go?" said Nellie, on a later occasion.

But Jasmine was not prepared for this. The crochet antimacassars and wool-worked tea-cosy, the silk patchwork counterpane of startlingly juxtaposed hues, and the great bunch of "Honesty" in front of the gilt-framed chimney-glass rose up before her mental view. And she *could* not have her little girl brought up among people who said "Eh-y!" and "Ne-y!" and called nothing "she" but a tom cat! Even under the existing circumstances, such trifles seemed to her insurmountably deterrent. Besides, there was her independence. She had taken it into her head that the widow and her daughter were very poor. They were certainly not in affluent, or hardly easy circumstances, trade having declined in Hardwareham considerably, and competition being increasingly keen. Nevertheless, with a little extra management, and some unseen self-denials, they could have given Jasmine and her baby a home beneath their roof, and most willingly. But, no! She would not be a burden on them, she would maintain herself.

So she firmly, yet gently, declined Nellie's offer.

"But what do you think of doing, then?" asked Miss Chesney, who was practical.

"I have an idea," answered Jasmine. "Look here!"

She unfolded for Nellie's inspection the unfinished plush table-cover embroidered in silks.

"Mrs. Wright says that her sister executes a quantity of work of this kind," she explained. "She employs people to help her, and earns, Mrs. Wright says, a really good living. It is a sort of thing I am sure I could do, and it is not in the least degrading, either. I mean," she

explained, with an almost imperceptible accession of dignity in the pose of her small head, as she caught a look of surprise from Nellie, "there would be nothing in it derogatory to my position as a lady, and the great-grand-daughter of an earl."

"I don't see why there should be in any honest calling," observed Miss Chesney, rather bluntly.

"Well, of course, I could never do anything *menial*—anything in the way of mere hand labour," said Jasmine, with some decision; "or go anywhere to be looked upon as an *inferior*."

And there, as Nellie neither agreed with these aristocratic sentiments, nor wished to argue about them, the subject was dropped. (*To be continued.*)

THE MASTER'S MESSAGES TO WOMEN.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SKINNER.

II.—To the Woman with the Gift of Speech.

"YOU'VE got a tongue in your head, why didn't you speak?" we overheard one woman say to another. The answer was, "I do not like to."

How much we can all say when our hearts are full of a subject! A woman once talked away for half an hour about what her neighbour did *not* say to her. "I'm just burning to tell," are words which often escape from impetuous lips, or are written in mystic characters on flushed, eager faces.

And this talent which God has given to us as women, of quick, fluent, impassioned speech, He means us to consecrate to His service. The Hebrew women realised this, and in spite of the fact that they had not then been raised to that equal fellowship with man which Christ afterwards accomplished, "a great host" of them went hither and thither publishing the tidings the Lord gave them. (Psalm lxviii. 11, *Revised Version.*)

One fair spring morning a little group of women left their homes very early, each anxious to visit the new-made grave of a Friend greatly beloved, and bitterly mourned. When they arrived in the little garden-cemetery, they saw—what we would rise in the grey dawn of any morn to see, or even watch the whole night through—an angel! And the angel had a message for them: they were to return at once to the city; and not one of them begged to remain by the grave, or linger longer in the angelic company, but with feet made fleet with joyful obedience, hasted away. The sun had now suddenly risen, and as the city walls and towers came in sight, they gleamed in the sunlight like a city of gold.

With eyes bent earthwards to shield them from the morning glory, and with hearts beating high with excitement, the women hurried on, too breathless with haste and emotion to speak to each other, when suddenly they became conscious of a shadow across their path, and shading their eyes to look upwards, they saw something far more wonderful than the gleam of angel-wings, for lo, bending over them, was the wonderful, tender, flashing, wooing face of the loving and loved Lord! And ere they could speak their wonder and adoration as they knelt in the dusty road before Him, they heard His voice speaking to them—the same low, vibrating voice that had calmed the sea and raised the dead, and the two words of His message that memory for ever re-echoed in their ears, like a strain of inspiring music, were, "*Go tell.*" (Matt. xxviii.)

"Go."—"*Go*" speaks of *unselfishness.* Notice, in our English translation, Christ spoke only five words to these loving women that had any direct bearing upon their own sorrow or feelings, and fifteen words in reference to absent friends. But those five were enough; they spoke of joy and comfort—what more would be desired? Then straightway the Master bade them lift their thoughts from self to others. In this little word "*go*" was a recipe for sorrow. "Think of others," and your own burden will grow lighter.

"*Go*" speaks of *action.* They were not simply to feel pity towards the absent, but they were to put themselves to some trouble to search them out. They were not even to send notes or messages, but to go themselves from house to house, till all had been told. In the very olden days a servant once said to his master, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" But in these latter days we often, by our listless inactivity, are saying to our Master, "Bid me do some easy thing, and I will do it."

"*Go*" speaks of *thought.* They were not to go wherever their feet might carry them; nor were they to tell the message to whoever they might meet. *Definiteness* of *aim* and *well-thought-out* action are two points in which the majority of women are deficient. How seldom do we say, "What am I going to do to-day which will be distinctly done for the Master?" Do we not too often resemble the wandering tramp, who does odd bits of work as he happens to come across them, and does them in a slipshod, brainless fashion, knowing that to-morrow he will be far away?

"*Go*" speaks of *honour.* Angels bore the tidings of His birth, but to women was given the honour of bearing the glad news of His advent from the grave! And they were not sent to tell their sisters only, but were first of all to go to the men. Woman's ministry to woman has ever been a blessed thing, but Christ never laid the limitations to our ministry which man has. "All one in Christ Jesus," is not only to be the watchword of faith, but the watchword of labour.

Tell.—"*Tell*" *of Jesus.* The way to create public opinion on any subject is to get everybody to talk about it, discuss it freely. And if a certain number of people in any district hold firm and advanced views on it, they are sure to sway the opinions of many others. We want to get everybody to talk about Jesus, and then we women ought to see to it that by the aid of our own speech and tact the multitudes are led to see in Him—the King, *their* King! We can speak, too, in so many ways, by deed, look, letter, and sometimes even by silence. Tell, that He is the way to eternal life. Tell, that He forgives all our sins, and gives us of His own purity. Tell, that He is the Great Sympathiser, speaking to every mourner. Tell, that He was woman's great emancipator, and deserves to receive her life-long loyal allegiance. Tell, that He told you to tell.

"*Tell*" *it bravely.* Do you think those women of Palestine told the news in a shrinking, stammering manner? If they did stammer it was because their hearts were so full of joy, not fear. We can talk, even in railway trains,

"He is not here; He is risen."

about earthly friends, why should the name of our Best Friend be so seldom on our lips?

"Oh, no, we never mention them, their name is never heard," we sometimes say of those who have deeply wronged us; but why the same silence about Him who has blessed us all our days? This silence of ours is treason—treason to Christ, and treason to our fellows. If a woman had been given a wonderful charm by some great king, which was to cure a certain malady, and she kept it hidden, and all the while her companions were dying, what should we think about her? Yet some of us are acting just like that. "The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel." Of course, it sometimes takes an effort, but if we think "It is for the sake of Him who loves us," surely that will make it easy. "Can you do that work for me for eight shillings?" asked a missionary. "No," was the native's answer, "but I can for Christ."

St. Francis once ordered one of his disciples to preach in a certain large church, but he demurred, saying he had not the grace of preaching. As punishment for lack of obedience

he had to go and preach without his habit. The children hooted after him, and as he ascended the pulpit stairs the people called him mad. For fear he had imposed too hard a punishment on his disciple, St. Francis followed him, also without his habit. He received the same reception, but, thus arrayed, preached a marvellous sermon, and the like of the weeping in that church was never known before. These two men afterwards praised God "who had given them grace to overcome themselves by the contempt of themselves." They were willing to be "fools" for Jesus' sake. If we are filled with love for Him, with a great desire to obey, we shall be willing to be called "stupid stammerers" for His sake.

"Tell" it with Jesus. "O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise." The Lord sent His messengers out two by two in the days of His earthly life, knowing this would ensure the message being given with greater confidence. His "*tellers*" always go in twos, never alone. For the Master Himself is with them.

"Tell" it to Jesus. We all like at the close of the day to have husband and children gathered together in a happy group around us, and tell out all their day's experience; and then it is our joy to try to help them with advice, or cheer them with praise In like manner we should gather constantly round our great Teacher and Master, and tell Him of our attempts—the broken sentences uttered; tell Him of our failures and disappointments; and He will listen, guide, and cheer.

Each evening out of a full heart we should say to Him, "Dear Master, accept what I have said for Thee to-day, and to-morrow I will try to tell Thy message braver and better." Each morn the prayer should be, "Keep my lips to-day from foolish talking. May my remarks on servants, babies, the state of my health, fashions, and the varied topics of conversation be few, but constantly may I be listening for Thy sweet voice saying to me, '*Go—tell!*'"

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON EVERY-DAY NURSING.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," "ABOUT OUR FOOD," ETC.

III.—The Patient.

YOUR patient is now to be placed in the bed ready to receive him. How can you set to work to make him as comfortable as possible?

The Night-shirt.—First of all (it seems but a trifle, but as I have said before, trifles take an exaggerated size during illness), see that there is a pocket in the front of the night-shirt. A piece of calico just tacked on, like the pocket in a cricketing shirt, is all that is needful, and anybody who has been ill will tell you what a boon it is to be able to get at your pocket-handkerchief yourself. There's nothing more mysterious than the way in which pocket-handkerchiefs lose themselves in bed, except, perhaps, the way in which crumbs find themselves there.

Keep two night-shirts in use, if possible—one for night, the other for day—and if you know how to change them properly you will find your patient will rejoice in the change, instead of dreading the fatigue.

Slip the arms out of the sleeves, put the fresh night-shirt over the head, and draw the other down over the feet.

When the patient is very ill indeed the night-shirt should be cut open and fastened down with tapes, and changed in a different way, as he cannot raise himself. Slip out one arm and slip on the corresponding sleeve of the clean garment. Pass the night-shirt under the shoulders, pushing off the soiled one at the same time.

I suppose I ought really to have put the washing of the patient before the dressing, but after all you generally have to get him to bed first, and perform his toilet afterwards.

Washing.—When the washing time comes, remember one great rule—always put everything ready for use, *where you can reach it without moving*, before you begin. There's nothing more aggravating to a patient than to be left with one limb wet whilst the nurse goes off to fetch the towel or the soap. This same rule should be followed in all the treatment with which you have to do—always put everything ready before you begin.

Have a plentiful supply of warm water, with more to replenish when that in the basin gets cool, for washing a limb at a time takes a long while. Put a little Sanitas in the water; it is refreshing, and it is a disinfectant.

In washing, take care that the patient is covered with a warm blanket or sheet, according to the weather, and that only the part you are doing is uncovered. A sponge or flannel wrung out in warm or tepid water does the work as well and as quickly as anything, and is very refreshing, whilst there is as a rule no risk in washing if thoroughly dried. Don't wash a patient all over without first consulting the doctor, but a wet sponge applied to face and hands occasionally, particularly after sleep, is an untold comfort, and can do no possible harm, especially if you do it without any fuss. What a very dragon that same *fuss* is in a sick-room! and how the best of women do indulge in it sometimes! One can train oneself to anything if one is in earnest, and when you find yourself established in a sick-room, let me beg of you to cultivate calmness and quiet.

Temperature of Baths.—Washing naturally brings me to the subject of baths. Every careful mother should have a bath thermometer; it is useless to trust to the feeling of the hand, hardened as it is by exposure and use. If you test it in any way by your body, put in your elbow or your foot if you haven't a thermometer; never trust to your hand, especially for young children.

There are six kinds of baths—

Cold	from	33	to 65	degrees.
Cool	,,	65	,, 75	,,
Temperate	,,	75	,, 85	,,
Tepid	,,	85	,, 94	,,
Warm	,,	94	,, 98	,,
Hot	,,	98	,, 112	,,

Of these the tepid and warm are most useful for invalids. A hot bath should never be given without doctor's orders—it acts as a powerful stimulant, and is very useful in cases where there is kidney or liver mischief; but where there is heart disease or disposition to fainting, it may be very dangerous in its effects. Tepid or warm baths should be given at night, and will often induce sleep. Cold baths should be taken in the morning, but a word of caution is

needed on the use of these. A cold bath taken regularly is a splendid preventive of cold-catching by raising the general tone of the system; but a temperate bath gives less shock, and is, therefore, better suited to invalids and children.

DRESSING THE HAIR.—Having washed and dressed your patient, the next thing is to do the hair. If it is a man, this is easy enough; but even then I would make one suggestion. Mind you see where your brush goes! If you have ever been in the hands of one who didn't mind, you will appreciate that remark.

If the patient is a woman, put a clean, dry towel to protect the pillows, and lift the hair a lock at a time with one hand; then gently brush and comb it with the other. When it is finished, don't fasten it up in a hard knob at the back of the victim's head. This all seems unnecessary advice to sensible women, you may think; but my experience is that in our care of the sick and young, as much as in other phases of our life, "evil is wrought by want of thought," especially if we have never been laid low ourselves.

"Mother never brushes my face," said my small daughter once. No, because mother happens to remember the relentless whacks with the bristly brush which constituted "doing Miss Nellie's hair" in days long gone by. So, if I tell you some things which you know as well, perhaps better than I, you must be good enough to forgive me. Skip them over lightly, and make use of what is new to you.

TEETH.—How few professional nurses there are who realise the comfort it is to a sick person to keep the teeth clean! The medicine, the diet—composed, as it often is, mainly of milk—the disease itself, all unite to make the teeth unpleasant; therefore it is a real luxury to clean them, at all events, twice a day. A few drops of lemon juice or glycerine in the water will be more cleansing than the ordinary tooth powder, and not so messy.

But there are many cases when the patient is too ill even to be raised to use a tooth-brush; then the best plan is to twist a piece of wet lint or linen over your finger, or over a pencil, and just rub the gums and teeth both inside and out. Having made your patient quite comfortable, you will next begin to consider what particular things you will have to notice about him during the time he is in your charge.

TAKING THE TEMPERATURE.—First let us take his temperature. This you will do by means of a small clinical thermometer, but remember that you must never do it within half an hour of his being washed and dressed, or otherwise uncovered.

Shake the clinical down to below normal, *i.e.*, 98½° (I always dip it in a solution of Condy or Sanitas before using, but that may be considered faddy, so I won't tell you to do it). Lay the patient on his back, and put the bulb under his arm-pit. Clothes have a perfect mania for getting between the thermometer and the patient, so, when possible, always draw the arm out of the sleeve; if not, be sure that the bulb is next to the skin. Cross the patient's arms, so that a hand takes hold of each shoulder quite tightly, and wait—well, some say three, some five, some ten minutes. I prefer the latter. The temperature can be taken in the mouth by putting the bulb under the tongue, and telling the patient to close the teeth. In this position five minutes suffice, but it is commonly believed that this is not as sure a way of getting the exact temperature of the body.

These little clinicals are invaluable where there are children, and I am certain I have saved many a doctor's bill by the use of them. The normal temperature of a healthy person varies from 98-99°, and if you find anyone up to 99½° there is only one safe place for him, that is *bed.*

In nursing a patient you must—as I have already said, I believe—take his temperature each day at the same time, say eight or nine o'clock morning and evening. The morning temperature is, as a rule, lower than the evening; so when your patient is considered well enough to have it taken only once a day, let it be in the evening.

Another maxim to be treasured up: *If your patient's temperature suddenly goes up in the morning*, he is worse, instead of better. Of course, you will keep an account of all this on paper.

PULSE.—Temperature and pulse naturally come together, and here let me tell you that to take a pulse properly, you need something more than to count the beats. You might just as well say that a piano-organ's rendering of Mendelssohn was as good as that of a pianist whose soul seems to be in his finger-tips.

You must count the beats indeed, but you must notice whether they are regular or irregular, whether they thump against your fingers or whether they merely flutter. Let the patient's hand be resting quietly on the bed, and lay the forefinger and middle finger of your right hand on the pulse, with the watch in your left. Take this, as the temperature, night and morning. Remember a man's pulse is slower than a woman's, and a child's faster than both.

Here is a table of average beats:—

7 years old,	80 to 90	to the	minute.
15 „ „	75 to 85	„	„
21 „ „	70 to 75	„	„

N.B.—A baby's pulse is difficult to take—do it when it is asleep.

RESPIRATION.—In all cases of lung or bronchial mischief the rate of breathing is as important as pulse or temperature, and you want all your wits about you to take it properly. Lay your hand or your ear on the chest, and count the respirations as you did the pulse. Notice whether they are even or irregular, whether panting or long, whether hard or soft, whether they seem to come from the upper or lower part of the chest, whether a deep breath can be taken without pain, and whether there is any difference in breathing when the patient is asleep.

The average respirations are:—

Adults	16-18	in the	minute.
Infants in first year	30-40	„	„
Children in third year	23-26	„	„

There is not much space for me to speak of the "unruly member," which plays a very useful part in the study of the sick-room. There, as elsewhere, it tells a good deal, only in a different way.

THE TONGUE should be consulted, then, every day. It will be dry or furred, yellowish or white, according to the disease; but when it begins to get clean, notice it carefully.

If it begins from the edge, it is a sign of quick and lasting improvement; but if the middle cleans first, the recovery will probably be slow and interrupted.

In any change of diet, watch the tongue. It is madness to give a patient solid food when the tongue is foul. Remember that the state of the tongue is merely a photograph of the state of the stomach. If mothers would remember this, we should not have so many children dying of convulsions.

But I have come to the end of the space allowed me, and I have not yet finished with the patient; we must give him another chapter, poor fellow!

The Road to Slumberland.
What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low;
He goes through the drowsy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.
A soft little night-gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair;
Two little tired tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking free;
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee
Some baby words that are drowsily lisped
In the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear;

A MOTHER'S FATAL MISTAKE.

A HEAVY storm had suddenly set in. Mrs. Day came to the door of the shop and looked anxiously up the village street. She was a thin, bent woman of sixty. She shivered as the gust of sleet and rain beat violently against her.

"Don't think of going home now, Mrs. Day," the shopkeeper called out. "I'm sorry I have no umbrella or wraps for you; but wait, and they will send you one from home."

Mrs. Day waited, but she knew that no one at home would think of her. It grew dark, and the storm increased. She ran up the street at last, reaching her home drenched.

Her son met her in the hall. "Why, mother! Could you not borrow an umbrella somewhere?" he said, drawing back lest he should be wet.

Her daughter Beatrice was playing on the piano in the parlour. The fire burned brightly, and the lamp threw a cheerful glow around the pleasant room.

"Dear, dear! This is too bad, mamma!" she cried. "Your teeth are chattering with cold."

"I thought perhaps you would have brought me a wrap," said Mrs. Day, gently, to her son.

"I never thought of it, mother; I saw you go out, too."

"You had better go to bed, mamma," said Beatrice, "and take some hot tea." She turned to the piano again, and began "Schubert's Serenade."

Mrs. Day crept, shivering, up the stairs. She felt strangely weak and ill as she tried to take off her wet clothes. It would have been so pleasant if somebody could have rubbed her chilled feet, and brought her some tea, and petted her a little. Old as she was, her heart ached sometimes for comforting and caressing. A strange longing filled her heart for the husband who died so long ago.

But Beatrice, though she was sorry for her mother, never thought of going to help her. She sang the serenade with pathos, while Henry listened with dim eyes. Both brother and sister were easily touched by a strain of music, a noble poem, or a beautiful landscape. Yet it did not occur to either of them to look after their mother!

Mrs. Day changed her clothes, and, still chilled, went to the kitchen. It was Martha's "afternoon out," and the supper was to be made ready. She laid the table, broiled the fish, and made the tea. She remembered how she used to help her mother when she was Beatrice's age. How she loved to work for that dear soul! Yet Beatrice ought to love her, too.

"I have been a faithful mother," thought Mrs. Day, as she sat at the table, looking at her handsome children.

"And you had to get the supper, mamma!" exclaimed Beatrice. "I forgot that Martha was not to be at home this afternoon."

That night Mrs. Day went to bed with a high fever.

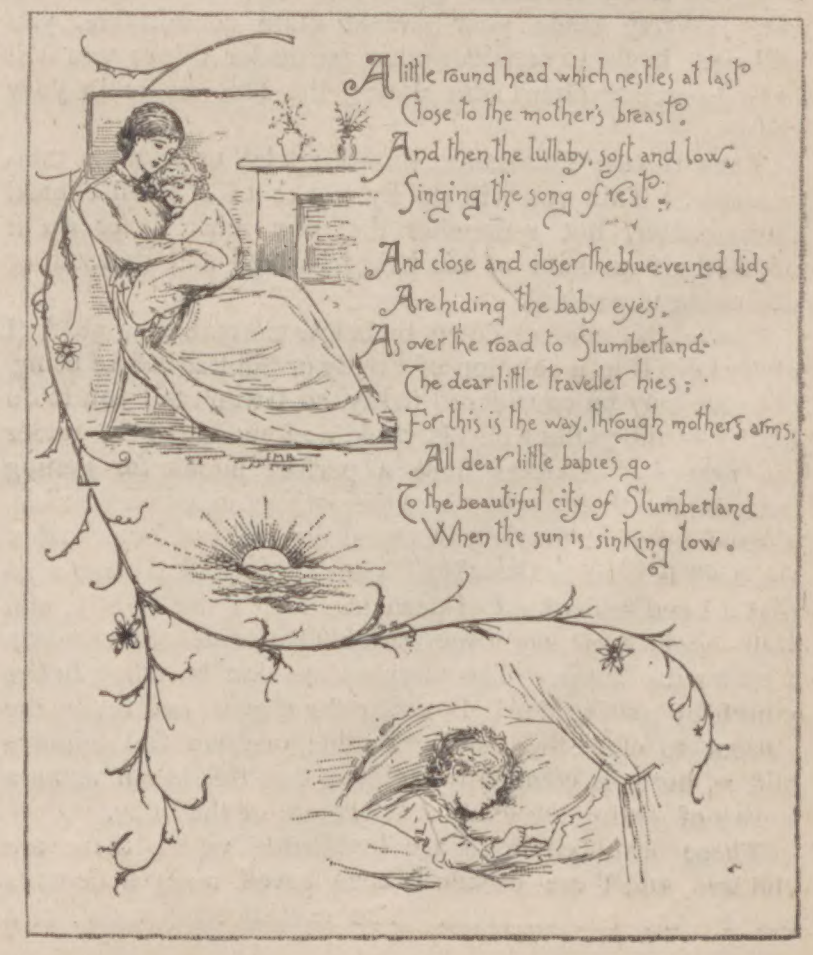
When the old doctor met Beatrice after he left his patient's room the next morning, he said sternly, "I fear your mother has pneumonia. I should have been called last night."

The girl cried bitterly, but she could do nothing. She had never spread a plaster or given a dose of medicine in her life, and a nurse cared for her mother the few days during which she lived.

The poor woman, before her death, watched her children with eager, despairing eyes. She saw that they loved her; but they seemed afraid of the sick-room, and could not bear the sight of pain.

Mrs. Day understood now wherein she had failed. She had never allowed them to bear pain or discomfort, or to feel any responsibility of life. From their birth she had waited on them, worked for them, sacrificed everything out of her great love for them. She had never taught them, out of their love for her, to wait on her, to sacrifice a single selfish wish for her. She had ministered faithfully to their bodily wants, but she had not given to them the unselfishness, the habit of self-sacrifice which had made her own soul happy.

How many mothers there are who make this fatal mistake, and how few are conscious that they have made it!


A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast.
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest.
And close and closer the blue-veined lids
Are hiding the baby eyes.
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies;
For this is the way through mothers arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

THE WOMEN POTTERS OF BRITTANY.

ONE of the most quaint and charming districts visited by the tourist in France is certainly that of Brittany. Many of the towns still retain their primitive look and character, and nothing could excel the picturesque variety and animated bustle of the markets held therein. The curious white caps, *sabots*, and conventional costume worn by the women, and the old-fashioned dress of the men, impart a sense of picturesqueness not quickly to be forgotten. The Bretons generally are kindly and hospitable, while the peasants are exceptionally courteous in their manners. They are extremely religious, perhaps to the verge of superstition. They are frugal and industrious, too; raising crops of buckwheat and other cereals from their small holdings, and bushels of apples from their tiny orchards. Then Brittany butter has acquired some popularity, and is largely exported.

Besides this, Breton pottery is held in esteem by many collectors. The shapes of the common ware are almost always good, and sometimes fine, and the colours are always agreeable. In fact, Mr. Jephson, an authority, was so struck with the artistic character of the articles displayed for sale at Lamballe as to declare that the Breton peasant eats his soup from a basin more artistic than that used by many a millionaire!

This pottery is not made by the male members of the community entirely. Women are experts also, as this description, from the pen of a recent tourist through North Brittany, will show. After narrating his experiences and impressions of the surrounding districts, he says: "It was when starting off to walk from Lannion to Perros-Guirec, that just at the outskirts of the town I noticed some pottery unbaked, and standing in the sun on the top of a wall adjoining a cottage. I made bold to enter the building, and found two women at work with the most primitive of potter's wheels that could be imagined. There was no treadle, nor indeed any band at all, attached to the wheel, which was simply turned round by hand—being, in fact, a revolving stand or table. I have seen many representations of the potter's wheel—a device which is said to have been invented independently all over the world—but do not remember to have seen anything elsewhere quite so simple in construction as the one depicted in our illustration. On the required shape having been given to the clay, it was first stood in the open air, and thence removed to the chimney to complete the drying process, and eventually fired in a kiln at the back of the cottage. This kiln or oven was the very oddest little specimen of the kind ever seen, consisting chiefly of broken potsherds plastered together with fresh clay."

Breton Women Potters at Work.

Such is the simple way in which many of the Breton women fabricate the native pots and pans. Very old-time, very slow, perhaps, the process may seem; yet we know it demands much skill and industry—qualities which are by no means to be despised, especially in the humble peasant.

THE KINDERGARTEN AT HOME.

THE system of education founded by the great German philosopher Froebel is nowadays universally recognised as the best of all methods for training the dawning intelligence of little children. Any mother whose boys and girls have had the advantage of Kindergarten instruction will readily admit its usefulness; and it is for the purpose of emphasising its undoubted value that we wish to bring one phase of it especially before the notice of our readers.

From various causes, home education is in many English families a necessity. The selection of a system of education for children taught at home is, therefore, a matter of grave importance. But this, unfortunately, is not always realised. The little ones are sometimes taught by "mother," or more frequently by an elder sister; and the teaching, as a rule, is simply a succession of lessons in the various ordinary school subjects. System, generally speaking, there is none. True, systematic teaching is supposed to be purely the province of the carefully-trained, professional teacher, and not to be thought of where home tuition is concerned.

We have set ourselves to combat this notion, which is a pernicious one, with a far-reaching influence little dreamt of by the home educator. Children taught at home for the first few years of their lives in a haphazard fashion, frequently find when they go out into the world that they are at an immense disadvantage. They may have a fair knowledge of things in general, but their powers of mind are not fully developed; they are lacking in mental "grip," and try as they may, they can never in after years completely repair the mischief wrought by an unsystematic course of instruction in early days. Clearly, then, it is of great consequence that, whether children are trained at school or at home, their education should be based on some definite system, which experience has proved to be thoroughly sound and good.

It being conceded that the home training of children is a responsibility not to be lightly undertaken, and that system in the training is essential to its success, it only remains to discover what system is the best. We answer that question without a moment's hesitation. Froebel's Kindergarten method has no equal for awakening and guiding the reasoning and observant faculties of the little ones; and every mother ought to understand sufficient of its principles to be able to impart knowledge to her children by its means, should she be so situated that no Kindergarten school is available.

Sound knowledge of the system is unfortunately rare. Even the meaning of its name has not always been understood. One witty French writer thought he had quashed the system as far as Paris was concerned, by the following remark: "That since great cities could not afford space for gardens, this mode of education was evidently impossible in Paris." It had never occurred to him to think that the German philosopher had intended to speak, not of a garden *for* children, but of a garden *of* children—a spot where little children, working and playing, should have their whole latent capacity, mental and physical, expanded and strengthened, according to the laws of their nature, as the flowers grow and unfold in a common garden under the sun and dew of heaven, and the vivifying influences of the all-nourishing earth. That is the true and beautiful meaning of the Kindergarten.

But how can Kindergarten be introduced as a system of home education? will be asked. For answer we may at once say that the material needed for commencing Kindergarten work is very simple. A low table, ruled distinctly in squares; a bench of proper height, or two or three little chairs, that the children may face each other; and a box containing the object of the lesson for each child, comprise a first outfit. The boxes are to be obtained in many places, and contain the various "gifts" in separate cases, also specimens of the occupations, with implements, and a very slight manual explaining them.

A lesson is commenced in this way. From the large box of Froebel's toys a small box is brought and opened on the table. It contains six coloured balls of equal size. They are soft, and the colours are those of the rainbow. With two or three children the different colours would be given successively to each, and the instruction would be conveyed while playing with these balls. For instance, the teacher will note that a child at a very early age *notices* the balls. It is then led, by fixing attention for a few seconds, to observe their soft texture, their size, their bright colours; a step more, and he is brought to distinguish the one colour from another, to seek the same colour on some other object, to distinguish the softness of the ball from the hardness of the box, etc. It is by these three steps in the art of *seeing correctly* that the natural faculty of observation is trained. Then lessons in *motion* are systematically given with the ball. It is rolled along the table, first in one direction, then in another; and the word expressing the direction —to the right, the left, across, above, below, are given to the child, and occasion made that will call for his using the words correctly himself.

Of course, both the lessons and the objects used are progressive, and all are arranged on a *system*, which develops the child's faculties. One great principle of Kindergarten instruction is that every lesson learned with the objects the child can examine and handle should be, when possible, *illustrated from external nature*, thus confirming into habit the child's natural delight in, and curiosity about, all natural sights and sounds. Knowing that a child *sees* and is *curious* by nature, it belongs to us to lead him to *observe* and *inquire* —the two great processes for acquiring knowledge, from the simplest to the most scientific.

Now, though the Kindergarten is truly an infant school, yet the system of education which is implied when we use the term is something different from that of common infant schools. Froebel's system, indeed, begins long before the infant can come to any school, and it looks forward in all its parts to that period when the infant shall have attained the full stature of humanity—when, morally, intellectually, and physically, he shall have entered into full possession of his powers, with knowledge and will to use them. Thus it differs at the two extremities from the ordinary infant school. It watches by the cradle the very dawn of intelligence, and prepares the path for full-grown men and women to tread.

One thing must ever be borne in mind by the mother who seeks to instruct her children by Froebel's beautiful system. Though the Kindergarten gives instruction in no small degree, it is more concerned with *drawing out* than with teaching—that comes later. Infants and very young children can only be led to receive impressions, and next to become conscious that they have received them; to take pleasure in exercising faculties which afterwards they will learn to use for a definite purpose. Kindergarten pupils are gently led

to learn many things; but the primary object always is the exercise of mental and physical faculty, the fostering of power to be used for the various purposes of life hereafter.

How this great work may be further carried on is set forth in detail in an excellent Handbook for Mothers, entitled "The Kindergarten at Home" (price 3s. 6d.). In a masterly and practical manner the book deals exhaustively with this important subject of early child education. It is written by Emily Shirreff, and published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W. We cordially commend the volume to our readers.

OUR HOME LAUNDRY.

BY AN AMATEUR LAUNDRESS.

I.—How we Wash our Flannels.

WE did not like the idea of doing our washing at home. We dreaded the odour of suds, and steam, and scorching. We trembled for the class of cook we must put up with if we added "washing" to the duties required of her. But a series of incompetent laundresses, the utter impossibility of getting our flannels sent back unshrunk and soft, the possession of a fine room behind the kitchen, a rather limited income, and a general love of cleanliness, combined with the need of economy, made us set up our home laundry.

We had one great drawback to contend with, *i.e.*, the want of soft water. Our pump only yielded the hardest, most lime-y liquid. This we cured by getting barrels—disused paraffin ones—and connecting them by pipes with the eaves of the house; also by laying in a stock of liquid ammonia (1s. 9d. a quart from the stores) and plenty of Sunlight soap.

We found that a cook who could—or would (?)—wash, was a *rara avis*. At last we girls—there are four of us—determined to take the matter into our own hands. "WE"—with capitals!—would do the washing!

Helen is the most practical of us, and Vera the strongest. So these two attended a laundry class for a while, and then set up washing at home. The first Monday we tried our hands on the family Jaegars. We all wear them in winter, and, as they are expensive to buy, we were rejoiced to find the following plan most successful.

To every gallon of soft water we allowed enough boiled soap to make a lather. A piece of good hard yellow "household," a trifle larger than a walnut, shredded finely, and melted in a small saucepan, makes more than enough "jelly" for eight or ten quarts of water.

To every two gallons of this moderately warm, soapy compound we added one tablespoonful of strong liquid ammonia.

Whilst Helen was preparing this lather, we took our precious sanitary Jaegars, those articles that yearly take so large a slice out of our dress allowance, and, turning them inside out, shook them well. Even Vera's arms were quite tired before all the white "dust" had been got rid of. Then, half fearfully at first, but very confidently on subsequent occasions, we "soused" all the natural wool underclothing. Very careful we always are to see that every inch of the material is covered with water. We have learned by experience that those parts left uncovered shrink woefully. Ammonia is a very volatile spirit, so we carefully "lidded" the tub with a close-fitting cover, wrapped it up in a thick rug to make it air-tight, and left all soaking for an hour.

I must confess that the two uninitiated members of our quartette felt very nervous when, at the end of those sixty minutes, we lifted the covers and looked into our bath. A lot of dirty-looking water greeted our eyes, into which Vera boldly plunged her hands, and squeezed out the first combination. This she rinsed in a second basin of clean, soft water, and passed through our little india-rubber wringer.

Very soft, very clean, looked and felt and *smelt* that dainty garment. But the work was not quite over. Two of us—the ignorant two!—were bidden to shake it well until no spits of wet sprinkled our faces. When this was done, the hair-like surface had gained its original silkiness, and our Jaegar was finished *washing*.

The drying took place in our back garden. Annie and I were naturally inclined to hang the garments in the sun. This our wiser sisters would not permit.

"In the shade, please," called out Helen, as we marched away with our tray of soft, hardly damp Jaegars, "if it is fine. If raining, on a clothes-horse near the fire. Thickest part up, of course."

"How near?" we queried, for we wanted to be most exact.

"Not so near that they *steam*," shouted back Vera from the laundry, where she was sorting Baby Jack's white flannels. "That rule will guide you always."

When we had duly carried out these instructions, we raced back, to find Helen mixing ammonia and water in two basins, while Vera lathered boiled soap with one hand.

"If you have shaken those barrows and binders well, Annie, hand them over. Oh, yes, and mother's white wool shawl too. We'll fix them all together."

Kneading and punching these articles well in the first basin—but never *rubbing* for a moment—Helen quickly passed them to Vera, who rinsed thoroughly, and, in her turn, handed them to us to wring and shake.

"The flannel can be hung out to dry," directed our eldest sister; "but we must pin mother's shawl into shape."

So a white sheet was spread out, and the moist woollie carefully pulled to the right shape, each vandyke of that terrible shell pattern requiring a separate pin!

Our backs were aching horribly as we finished, but our reward came when the dear mother was wrapped in a soft, fleecy, snowy thing, and when she declared she would crochet us all "fascinators" before next winter.

"You know, girls, it used to be disheartening to see all my work spoiled in the first wash, but *now!*"

That "N-O-W" was expressive, and testified to the success of our home laundry.

Stockings are not a pleasant subject to deal with, but we found a tablespoonful of vinegar, and another of salt, in each quart of water, had a wonderful effect in keeping them a good colour. In fact, these two "cookies" are invaluable with all coloured things—flannels, prints, or webbings. Helen taught us to be very careful not to wring

until the seam at the back had been pulled perfectly even, the stocking folded over the ankle, and again in the middle of the leg to prevent twisting. In this form they were passed through the wringer. Afterwards we ironed them on the wrong side, and they had quite a different feel to the rough-dried things with which we had heretofore been victimised.

Amongst other things, we have tried our 'prentice hands on some scarlet American shirts that Toodles—our small brother—loves to wear. They are made of the very finest flannel, and worked with silk. Mother was dreadfully against making them, as she thought the child would be left like Smike, with bare wrists, after their first visit to Mrs. Smith.

I confess we rather experimented on these garibaldies. We were tired of salting and vinegaring. In fact, the keg of vinegar was empty. So we tried ammonia, and the usual method of white flannel cleansing—not soaking, like Jaegars, of course.

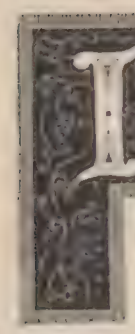
There was a terrible show of crimson in the water, I must confess, but, when dry, our little Buffalo Bill shirts were brighter and clearer-looking than when new. Toodles has *worn* out those garments. They have never grown too small for him. Our own winter under-petticoats are now washed in the same way. So are the boys' yachting caps.

Before leaving this subject of "woollens," I must say that Vera has managed a Redfern dress lined with silk. She soaked, and wrung, and mangled, just as if it were a vest. When she proceeded to try it on, she found the bodice as perfect fitting as ever, and the skirt exactly its original length.

I am trying not to paint "our home laundry" in too brilliant colours. It is true that Helen and Vera, and Annie and I, often get a wee bit weary of our work in the red-tiled back kitchen. We threaten—every Monday morning, as a rule—to return to Mrs. Smith, her "soda," her "lots of soap," and her long bills. But every Tuesday, as we fold down (after mangling) our soft, clean, unshrunk Jaegars, our black, silky stockings, our flannelette night-dresses, and prepare baby's delicate little garments for immediate use, we alter our mind. Above all, when we see the dearest of mothers constantly in her Rampore Chuddah, or in her lace-like Shetland woollies, instead of knowing those shawls are wrapped away for fear of soil, we feel that our time is well spent.

Anything we can do to make home "lovely" and "cosy" ought certainly not to be grumbled at, and that is certainly the end and aim of "Our Home Laundry."

HER LAST RESOURCE.



"IT'S no use, Jessie. Mother must see a doctor. It is wicked to let her go on like this!"

The speaker was a slim, pale girl of two or three-and-twenty, whose tired appearance and out-of-door garments, somewhat splashed with damp mud, revealed that she had but recently come in from her daily avocation. The one whom she addressed was obviously her sister, perhaps five years older. Both looked worn and anxious, but the earnest dark eyes and large, shapely mouth of the younger bespoke greater firmness of character than the blonde softness of the elder woman.

The latter sank dejectedly into a chair, before answering. The sisters were in a small but neatly furnished sitting-room, where tea was already laid.

"I have just two-and-ninepence left to carry us on till you are paid on Saturday, and this is Wednesday evening," she said.

"What are Dr. Gristock's fees?"

"Two-and-sixpence a visit if paid each time; three-and-six if the account runs. We *cannot* pay the half-crown down, and if mother knew a bill was accumulating, I believe it would worry her into her grave in a week."

"We must have him here, nevertheless."

"I'm sure I'm as anxious about dear mother as you are," returned Jessie, half-crying. "But where *is* the money to come from? We've parted with almost everything but the clothes we stand up in, and you know mother's horror of debt!"

"Let's have tea!" was Ruth's apparently irrelevant response, as she laid aside her mantle and hat.

Jessie's tears were dropping silently as she consumed the thin slice of stale bread and cheap salt butter of which the meal consisted, but Ruth munched away with bright, brave eyes gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and a look of growing purpose.

"I'm going out, Jessie," she said, as soon as the meal was finished. "It is on business, and I may not be back for an hour or two. I shall call at Dr. Gristock's on my way."

"Very well," answered Jessie, with a timid glance of silent questioning; but Ruth did not meet her eyes.

Ten minutes later, a strange-looking figure, so closely cloaked and veiled as to be almost unrecognisable, stole down the stairs and into the street, without bidding anyone "good-bye."

Ruth first left a message at the house of the doctor, and then wended her way to the railway station.

Here she carefully consulted a table of fares which hung in the booking office, comparing with it the number of pence in her worn little purse.

"Kilburn," she said to herself, "sixpence-halfpenny return. That will do. I've never been there in my life, and don't know a creature who lives in that neighbourhood. And the trains run every quarter of an hour."

* * * * * *

The wild March wind swept boisterously around the quiet streets and squares of London, N.W. A keen, merciless wind, that numbed the fingers, and nipped the ears, and blinded the eyes with stinging particles of dust.

Tea was over and cleared away in most houses, and as folks settled to their cosy evening occupations, in the warm, mingled glow of fireside and lamp, they listened to the shaking of the window frames, and the rumbling of the blast down the chimney, and congratulated themselves that they had not to go out of doors that night.

But what is that strange, sweet wailing which is brought to the ear, ever and anon, upon the wings of the storm? Now floating so near that it becomes almost articulate, then swept again into the far away. Yet gradually it comes closer and clearer; the high, flute-like notes of "The Minstrel Boy" triumphantly cleave the air; it is indeed a human voice, a rare, exquisite soprano.

The Rev. Herbert Wynne and his wife had two visitors

that evening — the Rector's old college chum, Bernard Grant, who had just returned from thirty years of life in India, and Louie Linford, Mrs. Wynne's cousin, who was managing clerk at a West End stationer's.

The gentlemen were chatting in the dining-room, while the ladies indulged in a confidential upstairs, when suddenly that wonderful voice burst upon their ears.

Mr. Grant ceased in the middle of a sentence, and gazed with an almost startled expression at his friend.

"A woman! Singing in the street on such a night!" gasped the Rector. "But the voice—who, what can she be?"

With bated breath they listened until the last note of the plaintive air died away. Borne upon the rushing, sweeping wind, yet rising ethereally above it, the melody had seemed more of heaven than of earth, and they sat transfixed.

When the voice ceased, the Rector sprang to his feet and went to the front door, and his friend followed. In the hall stood Mrs. Wynne and Miss Linford, who had similarly been arrested by the wonderful singing, and the heads of the servant-maids were peeping round the corner of the kitchen stairs.

"We must have her in, if she will come," said Mr. Wynne. "To think of a woman with a cultured voice like that, singing in the street! What can have driven her to such a thing?"

Out in the cold, blue moonlight stood a veiled figure, slim and black against the bare, white road. The Rector was too true a gentleman to send a servant out to summon the singer; he put on his hat, and went across to her himself.

When he brought her back with him, shy and trembling, the ladies had gone into the drawing-room to shelter from the bitter cold that rushed into the house with the opening of the door. Beneath the hall gas the stranger lifted her veil, revealing her large, dark eyes, shining with excitement, and her oval, crimson-flushing cheeks.

Mr. Grant started, and an inarticulate exclamation sprang to his lips, while he gazed at the girl in petrified amazement.

"Come in—come to my wife," Mr. Wynne was saying. "You must be half-frozen by that cutting wind. It is rough weather for a lady to be out-of-doors."

"You are very kind!" murmured Ruth Denman, following him, with her heart beating wildly. Nothing but good could come, she thought, of the spontaneous kindliness of this good clergyman.

Mrs. Wynne rose, as the girl was brought towards her; Miss Linford rose also, and it was her face only—amazed, shocked, and indignant—that Ruth saw.

"Miss Denman!" exclaimed the former. "Is it possible?"

And poor Ruth, overcome with dismay, burst into tears.

"'It was for mother's sake!' she gasped."

* * *

"I dread to meet her. I don't know what she *will* say!" said Ruth, as she bade her mother "good-bye" next morning before leaving for "business." She had confessed her well intentioned escapade of the night before, with the unlooked-for *contretemps* which brought it to a close, and she had been comforted and forgiven. "I'm afraid of Miss Linford! It's very cowardly of me, but I can't help it. I have felt her to be my enemy ever since I accidentally found out that mistake in her accounts. And the worst of it is, she has so much power; in the counting-house it is absolute."

"Never mind, dearie," answered Mrs. Denman, a pretty, dark-eyed woman, who, notwithstanding her invalid condition, looked, with her wavy nut-brown hair and winning smile, not much older than her elder daughter. "You have done nothing really wrong. It was all your dear, loving heart, and He who loves love will protect you, never fear."

These words were a source of much strength and cheer to Ruth as she went forward to the inevitable interview which she so nervously anticipated. But the sickness of renewed apprehension overcame her when she was summoned into Miss Linford's private room.

"You are, of course, not surprised that I wish to speak to you, Miss Denman," began her superior, icily, and re-adjusting her eye-glasses to observe the effect of her words.

"I guessed—I supposed what you wanted to see me about," answered Ruth, with dry, stiff lips.

"Precisely!" and an insuppressible smile of triumph flickered across Miss Linford's cold, clever face, as she knew that she held this other clever girl, hated as her only possible rival, so completely in her power. "Messrs. Creemlade and Co. have always insisted so scrupulously on the unimpeachable respectability, in both antecedents and behaviour, of every young lady employed by them, that after last night's extraordinary revelation you will be quite prepared to learn that your services will not be required by them after the end of this week."

A reprimand, more or less severe, from her young superior Ruth certainly had expected, but she was *not* prepared for this.

"I—I—it was for mother's sake!" she gasped. "I never did it before. It was my last resource—the one thing I could think of to do!"

With stony heart and leaden feet, Ruth plodded her weary way home on that never-to-be-forgotten day—she would not spend the twopence for a 'bus!—dully wondering how she should meet her mother and Jessie, how tell them that the precious twelve shillings a week which was all they had had for many months past to depend upon for daily bread would henceforth come no more. She had been too proud to plead with the managing clerk for mercy; indeed, she had known instinctively that it would have been of no avail. But was this, then, to be the end?

Jessie met Ruth's gloomy face with her own radiant in smiles.

"Such a strange thing has happened," she said. "A gentleman has been here—a Mr. Grant—who knew mother years and years ago, before she was married. He was at that clergyman's house last night and saw you, and recognised your wonderful likeness to mother in a moment."

"Was that Mr. Grant?" cried Ruth. "Is it possible? And he has remembered mother all those years! Why, Jessie——"

"He is very nice," answered Jessie, with a soft smile, "and seems to be very rich."

Upstairs the invalid sat, with eyes shining through happy tears, and cheeks rosy as a girl's.

She drew Ruth's face close to her own. "He is so good, dear," she murmured, "and *so* kind! Just as he always was. He went away—we did not quite understand each other, and—and then it was too late. But it seems now as if it had all happened only a month ago. Yet it is thirty years!"

* * * * * *

Ruth and Jessie were bridesmaids, a few months later, at a quiet wedding. The bridegroom was a fine-looking, sunburnt Anglo-Indian; the bride "just the prettiest little mother that was ever seen!"

"In stories," said Jessie, "it is always the girl who does the deed who gets the wedding-ring. But mother is heroine of this romance, quite."

"It's lovely, isn't it?" said Ruth. "I like it better so."

JACEY.

THE LOVE OF DRESS.

THERE is one part of the Marriage Service which I have often read with special pleasure. Imagine yourself in a church where a grand wedding is being celebrated. A crowd has assembled, and there is great interest on the part of many of the young folks in the church to get a good view of the bridal attire and of that of the bridesmaids. By-and-by the carriages drive up; there is a fluttering and a rustling; and the procession makes its way through the church. All that art and skill can effect is done to add beauty to those who take part in it. The exquisite bouquet, the lace veil, the tastily-made dress, the scarlet, and the blue, and the lavender mingled one with the other, all blending together and making a perfect whole. Then comes the Service, with its earnest notes of solemn promise and fervent prayer. The ring is placed on the finger, the blessing is pronounced, the Psalm is read or sung, the additional petitions are offered, and then comes the Scripture exhortation. It is this wise piece of advice which always seems to me so very suitable.

We see the company in all the variety and display of costly dress, and the thoughts of many in the church, it may be, are far more occupied with this than with the Service itself. And then sounds out the good old counsel of the Apostle, who was himself a married man: "Ye wives, ... *Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.* For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands," etc. I always read this passage with pleasure, because it puts the matter in the true light.

Now, I am not going to condemn all care and attention to dress. I am not going to say that we ought to pay no regard to elegance and suitableness in that which is worn. I confess I like to see everything beautiful in its place. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This is true in its measure in all departments of life. At a wedding, for instance, what can be more suitable than fragrant and beautiful flowers, and the white or light-coloured dress, or such attire as makes the scene in harmony with such a festive occasion?

Nor do I question the perfect right and propriety of persons with sufficient means dressing suitably to their position in life. There is no virtue in being slovenly in dress, or in anything else. There is no necessity to wear clothing that makes you look strange and peculiar.

But to avoid such peculiarities is another thing altogether from dressing in the height of fashion, or thinking it right to copy everything new, whether becoming or otherwise. It is not the part of a sensible woman, still less of a godly one, to endeavour to dazzle every one around by a vain show of dress or jewellery. It is not requisite even for those in the highest position to have as many dresses as there are days or weeks in the year, or to spend a fortune in silks and satins, or to cast aside articles of clothing as good as new for the fancy of the moment or to have the pleasure of buying a fresh one.

Be sure, this love of dress is a terrible evil. Perhaps you think it looks so harmless and so small a matter, yet you will scarcely believe the mischief it has wrought in many a life and in many a home.

The love of dress is often an index of a heart given to

the world. It is the outward flag that tells the King's palace is in the hands of the enemy. The love of Christ is not yet felt in its power. The "world" occupies the citadel of the heart, and this anxiety for display is one mark amongst many that this is the case.

The love of dress is also closely linked to the love of pleasure, whilst it is often the greatest enemy to calls of Christian benevolence. Many pounds will often be wasted on a needless dress, on a new sealskin jacket, on rings or brooches, and but a sixpence will be found for the collection, or a refusal be given to subscribe something to the cause of Christ amongst the heathen at home or abroad.

Frequently, also, the love of dress goes hand-in-hand with practical dishonesty as to debts. Debts are not paid, or not paid till long after they are due. Some years ago a clergyman was preaching to a very fashionable, well-dressed congregation, in which there were many ladies. He happened to know the secrets of some of their homes; so he stopped in a sermon bearing on this matter, and put a question, "How many of these bonnets are paid for? How many of these mantles and dresses are paid for?" I fancy that sermon was not forgotten, and that not a few would eat their Sunday dinner with less appetite for such uncomfortable plainness of speech!

Let each reader who wishes to act conscientiously consider this matter as in the sight of God. Be not led by companions or the custom of those around. Be careful, above all things, to have the best adorning, that in which you can stand before your Father in heaven. Besides being clean, and neat, and bright, ever be putting on, through the power of the Holy Spirit, more humility, love, holiness, thankfulness, and be zealous to adorn your life with all good works. S. E. W.

MAKE HOME HAPPY!

MAKE your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright,
Everything arranged with order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home more lovely—
Let it be a smiling spot
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.

Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Mem'ries of that pleasant home.

Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control—
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul!

Hints for Busy Housewives.

CAGED BIRDS.—Never let a birdcage hang in a room where the gas is alight, unless it is exceptionally well ventilated; the air near the ceiling is always the most impure at night. Make a rule of always setting dicky's cage on the floor at night, and his health will rapidly improve. After the gas has been alight some time put your own head near the ceiling, and see how you would like to sleep in such an atmosphere. If the owners of birds would only realise the necessity of lowering their cages at night, they would enjoy the society of their feathered pets for many long years.

Muffins.—One pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon.

Ink Stains in Carpets.—We have removed the very worst ink stains from carpets of very delicate colours by rubbing them with skim-milk, and when they are almost effaced, washing them with a cloth wrung out in boiling water without soap. Then cover the place with a dry cloth, and let it remain so for a day.

How to Extinguish Fire in a Chimney.—Throw a handful of raw onions on the burning mass in the fireplace. An inhabitant of Chartres has written a letter to the journal of that town, in which he states that, his chimney having caught fire, he tried this plan, and found it perfectly successful.

Hiccough Cure.—To stop hiccough, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Scrubbing.—Passage or hall oilcloth, if of good thick but ordinary quality, should be scrubbed with a good stiff scrubbing-brush, and a good lather of soap and water, thus: Take, say half a yard or three-quarters to do at the time, scrub well with a lather which should be thin, take up with the flannel, and wringing the latter out in another pail of clean warm water that should be close to the scrubber, wipe the oilcloth nicely, then use a dry rubber, bearing in mind that the drier the cloth is the better polish it will have. A rubber is indispensable in scrubbing; it is merely a large, soft dry cloth, that can be made out of an old teacloth or two sewn together, three or four thicknesses, or some coarse huckaback that has been washed several times to lessen its hardness. It must be soft—a hard cloth would not take up the moisture readily.

To Strengthen the Eyes.—A well-known writer says: "Salt water is strengthening to the eyes, and will not hurt them. If you have much close work to do, have a little jar of salt and water beside you, and never forget to dip your fingers and bathe your eyes the last thing before getting into bed. One cannot imagine how restful this simple remedy is to tired eyes."

Cure for Chapping.—A little vaseline rubbed in once a day will keep the hands from chapping.

Stoning Raisins.—Before beginning to stone raisins, cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The stones can then be removed easily.

Stained Furniture.—The way to take the white marks out of furniture and tables, caused by having had hot glasses placed on them, is to rub them briskly, but rather lightly, with spirit or essence of camphor on a small pad. It is, however, safer, though a little more trouble, first to rub in linseed oil and then a little spirit in the same way.

To Polish Floors.—The cleanest and most perfectly polished floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Take the cloth, and with a scrubbing brush or stubby broom, go rapidly up and down the planks, not across them. After a few rubbings the floor will assume a polished appearance that is not easily defaced.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

SOME mothers may find March rather a trying month in regard to their own and the children's wardrobe. Still, the winter jacket may be made to look quite fresh with a good brushing and a judicious amount of pressing, and if the trimming is shabby, a new braid would replace it without incurring much expense. Overcoats can be freshened by sponging with a solution of ammonia, and afterwards pressing. Hats and bonnets may be wonderfully improved by re-making or re-trimming.

Fig. 9.

Among the latest fashions we have seen there are many simple, pretty styles for ladies' dresses. On the whole there seems to be much less tendency to the objectionable vulgar extremes one so often notes in the latest fashions. Deep collars, small pelerines, and epaulettes are much used on dress bodices, most of which reach only to the waist, a few only being worn with a long basque.

Dress skirts are still mostly of the bell shape; some, however, are made with gores, which get gradually narrower towards the waist—we are giving illustrations of both shapes in Figs. 9 and 10. Very few skirts are without trimming of some kind. Braids of many different patterns are still very fashionable, as are also flounces of all widths, set on at the bottom and also the middle of the skirt. Broad ruches also play an important part in dress trimmings. One dress we saw had stripes of passementerie down the gored seams of the skirt, which was finished at the bottom with a broad, full ruche, a similar though narrower one being used round the neck, and also below the puff of the sleeve.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 9 shows a lady's dress. The material used is a fine cheviot cloth of the Havannah brown shade, and the trimming is a narrow silk gimp of the same colour. This will be found a very suitable pattern for a cloth dress, as a style with more trimming is apt to make the dress uncomfortably heavy to wear. The gored skirt is lined throughout, and trimmed down each seam. The body has a V-shaped plastron of the material, with five rows of the trimming laid in straight bands across it. The fronts, which meet this, are turned back with a frill some six inches wide on the shoulders, getting gradually narrower to the waist. The frill is edged with gimp, and fastened a little on one side, the waist being finished with a narrow belt. A puff is used for the upper part of the sleeve, which reaches below the elbow, where it is joined by a fitting cuff.

Fig. 10 depicts a lady's dress made in serge. The style is so simple that the most inexperienced need not be afraid to attempt it. The skirt is bell-shaped, and is lined with linenette and trimmed with rows of narrow plain and fancy military braid. It is set into a band at the waist, the back being laid in wide pleats. The plain jacket body reaches just a little below the waist, and has small points in front. A braid goes the entire length a few inches from the front fastenings. The body closes down the centre with small buttons, a row of fancy braid being set on just beyond the buttons. The sleeve is made over a lining, and has a puff of a shorter and fuller shape than Fig. 9, the fitting cuff reaching above the elbow.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 11.

Figs. 11 and 12. Here we show two ladies' aprons, both of which are of rather uncommon shape. Fig. 11 is a morning apron which will cover the whole of the dress skirt. It can be made in white or coloured material; perhaps the latter is the more suitable, unless it is to be used for a cooking apron. The plain skirt is set into a corselet band, from which braces are set on, crossing behind and turned back with broad revers. A useful-sized pocket ornaments the front, and the apron can be trimmed with white braid, Turkey-red twill, or any material that will wash well. The apron will take about two and a half yards of stuff. Fig. 12 is an afternoon apron which will set off a plain indoor dress. White or cream muslin or cambric will be very suitable, or a piece of silk or satin, if such is preferred. The skirt consists of an oblong piece of material. This can be tucked if washing material, but rows of gimp or bead trimming would be more suitable for a silk apron. Embroidery or lace should be put on plain at the sides, and full at the bottom of the apron. The braces are made with a strip of embroidery or lace set into a band of stuff three-quarters of an inch wide, the open space in front being filled up with a piece of the material, which is gathered or pleated and edged with embroidery or lace. A small pocket is set on the side of the apron.

Flat paper patterns of the articles illustrated can be sent at the following prices: Figs. 9 and 10, 6½d. each; Figs. 11 and 12, 4½d. each. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.